

---

## THE MEDLEY. No. 10.

---

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

---

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE MEDLEY.

Mr. Bradford,

WITH infinite delight I read in your last number, an explication of the word *Woman*. After reading it, I could not forbear attempting a similar analysis of the word *MAN*. The result of my speculations I offer to the public, through your useful Medley.

M, I find, signifies *moderation*, or prudent self-government, and is opposed to rioting, intoxication, gambling, and excesses of every kind. It imports also *magnanimity*, strength of mind to sustain with dignity, the calamities of life; and to stand immovable amid the lifting breezes of prosperity. This noble quality enables one to hear the adulation of sycophants, and even of friends with due allowance, and to treat low calumny with deservedly silent indifference. M, alone makes *man*!

A, is the next letter, and implies *affection* for the woman of your choice—*attachment* to your family, and *attention* to proper business—These will prevent your roving from home, treating your family with impropriety, or wasting your estate—Therefore remember how important to the harmony and prosperity of “the society of nature,” is the import of letter A.

N, signifies good *nature*, and is nearly synonymous with cheerfulness and benignity, which renders life agreeable. It likewise implies *nobleness*, which excites the performance of great and benevolent actions, by which you merit just applause from the world; ensure

E e

the approbation of your own mind, and the blessing of heaven.

Thus we see the word *man*, signifies magnanimous moderation, affectionate attention, and cheerful benevolence—Important word ! Where these qualifications centre, tho' *Ladies & Misses* contemn, men will ever receive the welcome of *women*—But when a majority of *Gentlemen*, prove by their actions, that M stands for *malignity*, or *madness*, A, for *avarice*, N, for *nuisance*, however, by their versatility, they please *Coquettes* or *Queens*, they cannot gain the heart of a *woman*.

ROLINDA.

---

SELECTIONS.

---

KOTZEBUE'S ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
ILLNESS AND DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

[From his flight to Paris—in the Autumn of 1790.]

---

(Concluded from page 171.)

I SENT once more to Jena, to beg my friend Dr. Starke's attendance. I charged the servant to make the utmost possible haste, and to return instantly with the Doctor. The honest fellow, who loved his mistress sincerely (and who indeed, did not love her) was gone no more than three hours and a half. He brought me a note from Dr. Starke, with a promise that he would be with me himself in the afternoon.

It was now noon. Exhausted with fatigue and anguish, I had laid down on the sofa, and endeavored to sleep; but when I heard the sound of the horse galloping along the street, I sprang up, and hastened with the note into the sick chamber. There I found the same symptoms of approaching death as the evening before; the same rattling in the throat, the same fixed glare of the eyes, and the same despair in the countenance of all the attendants. The looks of the physician too, plainly confessed that his art could do no more for her.

Ah ! he could not !—and God would not ! Why he thus tore asunder one of the happiest couples that ever were united ! Why he separated two souls that only wished to live for each other ! Into those things we are forbidden to enquire !—But oh, let not any one impute it to me as a sin that I complain !—The Lord gave her to me ! The Lord hath taken her away !—I am no dissembler—I cannot add, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Of what passed in this and the following hours I have but a confused recollection. How I kissed her for the last time, without ever receiving a like faint return as the evening before ; how I rushed out of the room, unable to support the idea of beholding her last struggles ; how I ran to the house of a friend a few doors off, and what horrible feelings there rent my bosom—all, all these appear to me as the harrassing images of some fearful dream.

Not many days before I had said to this friend, that I was confident my senses never could support the loss of my wife ; and earnestly entreated him, should this dreadful catastrophe actually take place, to think and to act for me, and endeavour for the sake of my poor motherless infants, if possible, to rescue from despair a father who had himself stood for three years upon the brink of the grave. I charged him, when the last fatal stroke should be over, instantly to order a chaise, and fly with me, no matter whither, only to take me from the place that had been the scene of all my sorrows—from the place where every joy must be buried in the grave of my deceased wife. He promised to comply with my request, and kept his word. He went himself to my house, my wife had breathed her last, and he sent instantly to the post.

I repeat it, that I have no clear idea of my own feelings. My brain was all confusion ; overpowered with anguish, I could not remain a moment in the same spot ; every place seemed too confined for my bursting bosom ; no tears came to my relief—I ran half frantic into the street, a bleak north wind blew directly threw it ; yet even there I felt as in a burning furnace.



I told my friend I would wait for him at the gate of the town; and thither I hastened, though I scarcely know myself how I reached it; neither am I certain whether by the way I met any person with whom I was acquainted. I only recollect, since of this my anguish reminded me, seeing the postillion who a few weeks before had driven my wife and me to Leipfick.

I remained for two hours without the gate, accompanied only by my own anguish and distraction. The weather was cold, rainy and stormy, but I was insensible to it. I walked up and down by the side of a ditch, endeavouring to collect my scattered senses, and to reflect calmly upon my situation, but it was impossible. Once or twice a few tears came to my relief, but they were few. Heaven was sparing of this lenient balm.

After a while, an old man in a soldier's uniform, probably a pensioner of the neighbouring hospital, whose attention, I suppose, had been excited by the wildness of my appearance, came up to me, and asked if I was ill. I answered, Yes, and passed on. "*Ab! that's plainly enough to be seen!*" I could hear him say in a compassionate tone, as I continued walking forwards.— I know not whether it was this appearance of participation in my sorrow that gave a new turn to my feelings, but I burst into tears, and wept violently for some minutes; yet this was soon past, and I relapsed into my former state of gloomy stupefaction.

At length, towards evening, I saw my own travelling carriage approach, the same carriage into which I had so often handed my Frederica; in which I had enjoyed so many happy hours by her side. I got hastily into it, the little dog which had been my wife's favorite was there, and jumped upon me, wagging his tail. Oh God! what painful recollections did it call to my mind. Every thing in the carriage bore some reference to my Frederica. In one pocket was a stain made by a bottle of medicine which she had once broke. Here was a needle with which she had been at work—there the mark of powder from her hair; and yet what was absent reminded me of her far more painfully than what

was present. At our departure from Reval, I had a couple of small pillows made, covered with leather, to rest our heads against on the journey. On these my wife had lain during her illness, as she found the pillows belonging to the bed too warm—on these she died!

We proceeded onwards, the clouds began to disperse, and the moon appeared. Not a word was spoken. My friend felt sensible, that at present any attempts to console me were vain; he was silent therefore, and in my heart I acknowledged this as an obligation. I fixed my eyes steadily upon the clouds, which the wind blew into a thousand varied forms, at first only with a vacant stare, but after a while they caught my attention, and my fancy found a melancholy gratification in likening them to such images as were most accordant with the situation of my soul. In one, I saw a coffin, in another, a funeral procession, in another, a hat, with a long crape hatband. I found in the heavens whatever I sought; never was my imagination so fertile in forming resemblances. At length about eight o'clock, we arrived at ~~Exfurth~~.

Soon after I had left my house, Dr. Starke arrived, and opened a vein in my poor Frederica's arm, but in vain. Nothing could snatch from the grasp of death the sweetest, gentlest victim he ever seized. For the first time since our union did she give me an uneasy sensation—she died!

I was afterwards informed by letter, that the fever occasioned by the milk had fallen upon her lungs, and was the origin of her disorder. A thousand tormenting reflections upon this subject oppress my heart. It is true, I do not doubt that my Frederica now bears testimony to our great Judge, that I did every thing the tenderest love could suggest to save her; yet I cannot shake off the idea, that if this or that thing had been done or omitted, she might yet have been alive; so often does the rescue or destruction of a man hang upon a single thread—upon some accident apparently of the most trifling or insignificant nature.

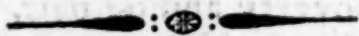
I am eternally haunted by the recollection, that in the last days of her illness, my beloved wife called very often, it is true, only amid the wanderings of delirium, for the *Russian medicine*. She frequently endeavored to explain herself more fully, and used every possible effort to make me understand what she meant, yet never could think of the right name—she could only say the *Russian medicine*. I perplexed myself in vain at the time to conceive what it was on which her distempered fancy dwelt; but it has since occurred to me that she doubtless referred to a powder in very common use in our country; which, though the physicians may declaim against it, and consider it as quackery, has most certainly often achieved wonders. And since I believe we owe the life of a son, given over by the physicians, to this powder, it is very probable that his poor mother might feel confidence in its power to restore her also. Oh heaven! who knows what might have been the effect of this powder's being administered on that last fatal day, during the short interval when her breath was easy and her cough quiet! But how should I have assumed courage to recommend it, since, if she had then died, I had considered myself as her murderer, and been even more wretched than at present?

Alas! it was determined by a higher than mortal power, that thus it should be and no otherwise. The great wheel that guides our destinies is not to be stopped by a blade of stubble. She is dead! and all my hopes and joys died with her!—I look for no more happiness on this side the grave! I may yet perhaps sometimes laugh, but my heart will never more be really cheerful! Many years may yet pass ere I shall be re-united to the only treasure of my soul—I may drag on a procrastinated existence, but never can I really live, since I am deprived of the better part of my life's support!—What remains of me will only hope, will only sigh for the time of its re-union to this perished half, and the sole consolation



my sorrows can ever know, will be in constantly looking forward to that blessed period.

Thou pious soul, belov'd, ador'd,  
Oh draw me in love's bands tow'rd thee!  
Draw me to thy heart, sweet angel,  
That I an angel too may be!



THE STORY  
OF  
*ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.*

[Taken from a Byzantine Historian.]

*(Concluded from page 180.)*

A MERCHANT of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence.— Every morning awakened him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and in the evening when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another;

For night coming on he found himself under the necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbor so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets, might be attended with interruption or danger. In short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in his blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined, and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood and cruelty—He was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the fullen-rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the sur-



rounding multitude ; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy.—Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted ; shared the friendship and honors of the principle citizens of Rome—lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

---

BIOGRAPHICAL.

---

SKETCH

OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF  
SIR WILLIAM JONES.

[From the Asiatic Annual Register.]

SIR WILLIAM JONES was born in 1746, at his father's residence in Wales. He was son to the celebrated mathematician William Jones, who was both the disciple and friend of Newton, under whose patronage he taught mathematics in London, and had the honor of instructing the late Earl of Hardwicke in that science. Mr. Jones published several tracts on analytical subjects, for which he had high and merited encomiums bestowed on him by the Royal Society, at that period so illustrious for their talents. This eminent mathematician had in contemplation a work of the first magnitude and utility, which had long been a *desideratum* in literature, and the completion of which would have required all the attention that his comprehensive mind and vast knowledge in philosophy was capable of applying to it ; for it was nothing less than a synopsis of the mathematical and philosophical works of Newton, of whom it has been frequently said, "that his name is not so much

“ that of man, as of philosophy.” Unfortunately, however, for the advancement of science, a fatal illness carried him to the grave, shortly after he had put the first sheet of his work to the press; and his friend, the Earl of Macclesfield, to whom he had bequeathed the manuscript, and whom he had particularly instructed to publish it, lent it to an insignificant geometrician, from whose hands it was never redeemed.

Under the guidance and tuition of such a parent, Sir William Jones's mind was early formed to regular habits of thinking, and from him he soon caught the generous enthusiasm of literary fame. After having been instructed by his father in the rudiments of classical learning, he was placed at Harrow school, where he distinguished himself no less by his wonderful facility in acquiring the learned languages than by his fine taste in Latin poetry. At Harrow he first became acquainted with the celebrated doctor Parr, who was one of his school-fellows, and with whom he cultivated a friendship that continued without interruption or abatement to the last year of his life.

In 1763, he was removed from Harrow to University college, Oxford, of which he was soon made a fellow, and where he was equally distinguished for the prematurity of his mind, and his unexampled diligence in his studies. His diligence, indeed, was so unremitting, and his memory so retentive, that before he had attained the age of twenty-two, he had not only mastered the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, but had also made great proficiency in the Arabic and Persian. Neither had his searching and curious mind neglected to cultivate the polished languages of modern Europe; and of the French his knowledge was so perfect, that at the age of twenty-four, while he was yet a recluse student in Oxford, he translated the history of Nadir Shah from Persian into French, not only with grammatical correctness, but with a purity and elegance of diction that obtained him the applause of the most distinguished critics of France. The Persian original of this work was sent to England by the King of Denmark, accompanied

with a request from his Danish Majesty, that some of the learned Orientalists of Oxford would undertake to give a French version of it. The difficulty of the task deterred many from attempting it; and if Mr. Jones's anxiety for the literary honor of his country, had not prevailed over his native modesty, the Persian manuscript, would, in all probability have been returned to Denmark untranslating; but his genius, learning and industry, raised the one, and rescued the other from oblivion.

He was now familiar with the French Language, and could write it with an ease and fluency that encouraged him to address a spirited letter to *Anquetil du Perron*, containing severe but just strictures on that gentleman's translation of the books falsely\* attributed to Zoroaster; together with some remarks on his illiberal treatment of the Orientalists of the University of Oxford.

About this time he published his *Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry*; which he had written a few years before, but which he had delayed giving to the world, until a more enlarged acquaintance with Oriental literature had fully confirmed him in his opinions on the subject.

He had determined on attaching himself to the profession of the law, at the age of twenty-two; and altho' his studies, both in general jurisprudence, and the common law of England, had been pursued with the most indefatigable diligence, he neglected not, at the same time, to give his attention to the physical sciences, and to carry on, with amazing rapidity, his researches into the literature of Asia. Between the years 1776 and 1784, he published an ingenious and learned essay on the law of bailments; a translation of the speeches of *Isæus*, with a prefatory discourse and a commentary, equally admirable for classical elegance and critical discrimination; a grammar of the Persian language, which cannot be sufficiently praised; and a volume of poems,

\* These books were fabricated in France by some ingenious writers, and were long believed to be genuine by the learned societies of that country; but at Oxford the imposture was soon detected.



addressed to the countess of Spencer, chiefly consisting of translations from the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish poets ; and including a complete version of the *Moallakat*, or the seven celebrated Arabic poems that are suspended in the temple of Mecca. Besides these well-known performances, he wrote several short tracts on various subjects, for his prolific pen was never a moment idle. Among his lighter productions, his character of the celebrated John Dunning, lord Ashburton, and his poem of *Gaissa*,† merit peculiar praise. The former is drawn with the fervor of a friend and the correctness of a scholar ; and it is as much adorned with beautiful and appropriate colouring, as it is dignified by the sobriety of truth, and chastened with the delicacies of taste. The latter is by far the most highly finished, spirited, and pleasing of all his poetical compositions.

The reputation of his genius and great learning had now spread abroad, and his acquaintance was sought after by people of the first eminence in the republic of letters. He consequently soon became known to doctor Johnson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, who introduced him to the celebrated Literary Club, of which he was admitted a member.

Some time, we believe in 1782, he made the tour of France, after which he resided for a few months in Paris, where he was introduced to court. The French monarch was much pleased with his conversation, and made many enquiries respecting some of the provinces he had travelled through ; to all of which he answered him in the particular dialect of each province. After Sir William withdrew, the King turned about to one of his courtiers, saying—" He is a most extraordinary man ; he understands the language of my people better than I do myself!"—" Yes, please your Majesty," replied the courtier, " he is indeed a more extraordinary man than you are aware of, for he understands almost every language in the world—but his own."—

† *Gaissa* is a poem on the game of chess, written after the manner, though not in exact imitation of, the *Scacchia Ludus* of Vida.

“ Mon Dieu !” exclaimed the King,—“ then of what country is he ?”——“ He is, please your Majesty, a *Welchman*.”

In April 1783, Sir William Jones married Miss Shipley, a daughter of the late Bishop of St. Asaph, and sister to the present reverend W. D. Shipley, dean of that diocese.

The year following, the dean of St. Asaph was prosecuted for publishing a pamphlet, entitled, “ *The Principles of Government, in a Dialogue between a Gentleman and a Farmer.*†” This tract was written by his brother-in-law, Sir William, who was throughout his whole life a firm but moderate supporter of the political principles of Locke and Sidney.

Upwards of a year before this trial took place, Sir William Jones had been appointed one of the judges of the supreme court at Calcutta, and had embarked for India on board the Crocodile frigate in the Summer of 1783.

In the course of his voyage thither, the ship touched at Madeira, the rugged islands of Cape de Verd, and afterwards at Hinzuan or Johanna, a beautiful little island situated at the north end of the Straits of Mosambique, and about a hundred miles distant from the coast of Madagascar. This island has been governed for these two centuries by a colony of Arabs ; and here, therefore, Sir William, for the first time in his life, had an opportunity of conversing familiarly in Arabic, which he did with great ease, to the no small astonishment of the Mahomedan chiefs of Hinzuan ; of whom, and of their island, he has given a very pleasing account, in a paper which he presented to the Asiatic Society, and which is published in Vol. II. of their *Researches*.

† This trial came on at the assize of Shrewsbury, before Mr. Justice Buller, on the 6th of August 1784, when, after some of the most ingenious and elegant pleading, on the part of the Honorable Thomas Erskine, perhaps ever heard in a court of justice, the jury brought in their verdict—“ Guilty of publishing; but whether a libel or not they did not find.”

He arrived at Calcutta about the beginning of October, and after having taken his seat on the bench of the supreme court, according to the usual forms, he lost no time in making public his plan for instituting a society at Calcutta for the "purpose of inquiring into the history, arts, sciences, and literature of Asia." The idea of this plan, he himself informs us, in his Preliminary Discourses to the Society, he first conceived at sea; and it was certainly a conception altogether worthy of his comprehensive genius. The plan was embraced with eagerness by those gentlemen in Calcutta who were best qualified to estimate its advantages, and to contribute to its support; and being patronized by Mr. Hastings, then governor-general, with that liberality with which he was wont to foster every literary undertaking, the Society was soon founded. The president's chair was first offered to Mr. Hastings; but, on his declining it, Sir William Jones was elected perpetual president, and he delivered his Preliminary Discourses in February 1784.

He was now enabled to give full scope to the excursions of his mind, and to gratify every wish of his heart. The wide and fruitful region of Asiatic learning was open before him, and the high and independent situation which he filled, gave him a commanding prospect of it; whilst he practised those laws which it was the pride of his life to cherish and revere, and administered to his fellow creatures the pure maxims of justice and truth.

*(To be Continued.)*

---

## NATIONAL PREJUDICES OVERCOME;

OR THE HISTORY OF

*SIR GEORGE OLIVER.*

[From the French.]

WAR HAS generally been considered as the cause of national hatred and jealousy, and it has been found to exist more frequently between neighbouring nations than between those that are remote from one another.



But in governments where the people imagine that they have a share in the general administration, this animosity appears to be almost incurable ; there, hatred of enemies and rivals is esteemed a patriotic virtue ; and even the more enlightened part of the nation encounter the greatest difficulties, in divesting themselves of a jealousy which renders them as blind and unjust as the lowest of the people. The following is a recent example of the truth of this remark.

In the course of the American war, a French squadron, under the command of Count de Barras, had landed some troops at Newport upon Rhode-Island ; and in order that they might not be incommoded with those that were unfit for service, it was resolved to send all the sick into the country. Captain B—— of the regiment of——, being extremely ill of the scurvy, was of this number—and upon an order of the Major of the provincial army, he was quartered about six miles from Newport, in the house of Sir George Oliver, an English planter. The Chevalier L——, nephew of the Capt. and an Ensign in the same regiment, obtained permission to accompany his uncle, that he might take care of him during his illness ; with express orders to return to Head-Quarters, the moment the service should require it.

The two officers accordingly took their departure, accompanied by a guide, who served them as an interpreter. Upon their arrival, they were received with a coldness which surprised the Chevalier as much as it did his uncle. Sir George insisted upon seeing the order which had brought two Frenchmen to his house ; and after reading it with great indifference, he declared that he had only one bed to give them. Nevertheless, added he, since one of you appears indisposed, the other, who will probably wish to attend you, may sleep upon a bale of furs, which has lain there these three years, and which this unfortunate war has prevented me from sending to Europe.—The interpreter explained to the Captain what Sir George had said. The Chevalier indeed might have performed this office, as he was suffi-

ently well acquainted with the language ; but by the advice of his uncle, he pretended to be ignorant of it, in order to be able the better to discover the character and disposition of their landlord.

Sir George Oliver, whatever he might think, was extremely selfish, although he imagined himself a profound politician, because he read the Gazette and hated the French. The grand object of the approaching liberty of his country affected him infinitely less than the actual interruption of commerce, and the waste and ruinous state of his lands. His family consisted of a daughter and three sons ; the two eldest of whom, greatly against the inclination of their father, were serving in the provincial army ; the third, named Charles, shared with Maria, his sister, the management of the farm and the house. Sir George was a widower. His sons were admonished to avoid with care every connection with the French ; as for Maria, every communication with them was positively forbidden. The weak state of the Captain's health, however, required continual care and attention ; nor could Charles absolutely refuse his assistance at the earnest entreaties of the Chevalier ; besides he was fond of pronouncing with him some French words he had learned at the university of Philadelphia. He had now entered his nineteenth year, which exactly corresponded to the age of the Chevalier ; the reasons, therefore, were more than sufficient to create a quick and lively friendship between them, notwithstanding the severe injunctions of the father.

Sir George, now sixty years of age, had become a complete slave to the ancient prejudices of his education ; he had fought the French in the preceding war ; and he still persisted in viewing that nation in the light of an enemy, who now assisted in recovering the liberty of his native country. From the first moment he saw the Captain, he dissembled not his sentiments upon that subject. To what strange circumstances is it owing, said he, that your sovereign has sent an army into our provinces ?—Because you have asked their assistance. It is not I, it is the Congress.—And are you not about now to con-

quer our southern brethren? We are only going to defend you from a common enemy; and free you from a yoke which has become unsupportable to you. That is to say, you intend only a change of masters.—No, indeed.—What reward then does France expect for so great services?—Your liberty. But what will you gain by that?—The glory of shewing our generosity in contributing to your happiness.—This generosity is very grand indeed; but what real advantage will you reap from it? You imagine I suppose, that the sovereigns of Europe perform good offices without any real interest to themselves, and merely from the pleasure of doing good? Our sovereign at least, now, shows an example of this virtue; and at the end of the war———At the end of the war will not all your claims upon us be very considerable?—No doubt they will.—And what will France be able to procure from us in return?—A great deal. How many provinces?—None. What then?—Your friendship; which I am more desirous of than I am afraid—Sir George instantly changing the conversation, asked the Captain how he found himself. I think, replied he, that a little milk and some fresh provisions would greatly contribute to the establishment of my health. Charles, go desire Maria to procure some milk, and order a sheep to be killed. The Captain, greatly moved at this sensibility, was going to express his acknowledgements; but Sir George prevented him, by hastily quitting the room.

The name of Maria, which he now heard for the first time, having made a deep impression upon the mind of the Chevalier, no sooner had Sir George left the room, than he anxiously enquired of Charles who this Maria was.—She is my sister, said Charles—follow me, and you shall see her. They both went in search of this amiable girl, whom they found at work in her chamber. At the sight of the Chevalier, she was struck with astonishment; but her brother soon removed her fears, and begged of her, in compliance with the orders of their father, to perform the services to the uncle of his friend. Maria raised her lovely blue eyes upon this friend, but



quickly fixed them on the ground; and hastily quitting her work, she led them to the meadow, and with her own hands milked the first goat she met with; and giving the vessel to her brother Charles, lose not a moment, said she with the most delightful sweetness, in carrying this milk while it is warm, to the uncle of your friend; and stealing another glance at the Chevalier, she hastily retired covered with blushes; leaving the friend of her brother to admire the figure of an angel, and a heart ever ready to assist the unfortunate.—In their way home the Chevalier dwelt upon with delight, and frequently made Charles repeat the sweet words of Maria, altho' they were already deeply engraven upon his heart.—They immediately repaired to the Captain's room; and the nephew, in presenting the milk to his uncle, spoke to him with such rapture and enthusiasm of the amiable Maria, that his uncle imagined his head was turned.—And, in reality, such was the case, if love, and particularly a first affection, is deserving of so harsh an appellation.

The Chevalier, who had spent six years at a military academy, and three aboard the fleet, had as yet felt no tender attachment; and the heart of Maria, who now entered her sixteenth year, was as little engaged as his. At their age the first interview is frequently decisive; and Maria, the sweet Maria, now conceived less than ever, why her father entertained such a hatred against the French. How foreign to her mind was such an unjust sentiment! The tender attachment of the Chevalier for his uncle and for her brother Charles, was to her a continual subject of reflection. She concluded from this, that he must have an excellent heart; and that the lovely daughter of Sir George now began to feel an attachment for France, in which politics had no share.

*(To be Continued.)*

---

A FRAGMENT.

---

**MOURNFUL** as the murmuring of the waving willow when ruffled by the approaching storm destined

to trouble the eve of an expiring autumn, that bends its pensive branches over the dewy grave of some love lorn maiden ;—alike mournful rose the sigh of the sorrow-stricken Matilda, abandoned by friends and by her cruel seducer : forlorn, she sat on her mossy stone ; spring smiled on her hopes ; summer nursed her doubts ; autumn witnessed her anguish ; and winter was just advancing to close the eventful year on her despair and death. “ Where, where,” she exclaimed, “ where is the perfidious man, who hath robbed my youth of its peace, my mind of its innocence, my once fair fame of its honour ; my tortured brain of its reason ?—Where is the perjured Edward, who this fatal morning trod this church-yard path ? In the sacred temple, and at the still more sacred altar, he has insulted his God, by staining the sanctuary with unhallowed vows—vows not his own to give—torn from my bleeding heart, where he once bade me lodge them !—Ah, wretch ! he has stolen the deposit, and left the poor cabinet vacant and in ruin :—but the thunder of heaven will not sleep ; injustice will be visited by vengeance ; and the death of Matilda will not pass unmarked in the dreadful record of insulted innocence.”

She spake—and beneath the almost leafless branches of a withered tree, shrunk from the drenching rain. The dawn at length arose ; the advancing sun dispersed the clouds, and gave useful splendor to the tears of Matilda ! rushing from her heart, they fell undistinguished among the gems of the morning. While life animates the form though sorrow dims the cheek and sinks the eye, the beams of the East will play upon the heart, chasing for at least a moment the dark anguish of the troubled bosom.—Matilda raised her eyes and blessed the reviving rays. She wandered to a mouldering ruin, which lent its gloomy dignity to an embowering grove. There resided the genius of solitude, the fair friend of virtue, the gentle reclamer from error, the scourge of vice.—The high arched windows, ivy fringed, and time decayed, were partially illuminated, giving a sombre glory to the whole.—“ Power supreme,” said the wandering

Matilda, "let me, in this interval of reason, confess the  
" justice of my punishment ; let me bless the goodness  
" which has preserved me, amidst all the cruelties I have  
" experienced from an offended father, from impiously  
" arraigning thy goodness.

" The comfortable radiance darting from the heavens  
" to cheer the inhabitants of the earth, revives my  
" drooping frame. The hope revisits the chambers of  
" my heart, and prompts me to seek the mansion of a  
" recollected friend, who may not, as a parent has  
" done, deny shelter and food to a wandering penitent."

Matilda, not yet seventeen, was the only child of a once fond parent ; indulged in every wish, and flattered into vanity, her gay heart panted after the pleasures of a dissipated world. But who shall swim in the streams of human felicity and escape the surrounding rocks of destruction ?—Adulation enervates virtue. Many were the admirers of Matilda : she listened, believing all they said ; but Edward alone touched her heart. High birth, and a princely fortune swelled the bosom of his father. Though enamoured of Matilda's charms, the ambition of Edward checked the generous impulses of love. He played upon a heart already too much in his power ; he protested his truth, and made a secret promise. Could Matilda think evil of the man she adored ? Her own mind, pure and un sullied, could she meanly doubt the purity of his ? Alas ! she gave her faith and became the *victim of seduction*.

Convinced too late of Edward's perfidy, she disclosed to her father the dreadful secret. He turned with horror from his child ; and in proportion to the degree with which he before idolized, his resentment was kindled against her.—Such are the transitions of affection founded upon caprice, rather than on principle.

The history of the ill-fated Matilda remains an important *memento* to injudicious parents—Let no child taste even the innocent felicities of dissipation, till religion has fortified the heart, and rendered it invulnerable to every charm of every unlicensed pleasure.